

TO ALL: God "now commandeth all men everywhere to repent."

TO THE SAINT: "Be ye HOLY, for I am holy."

WAR



CRY



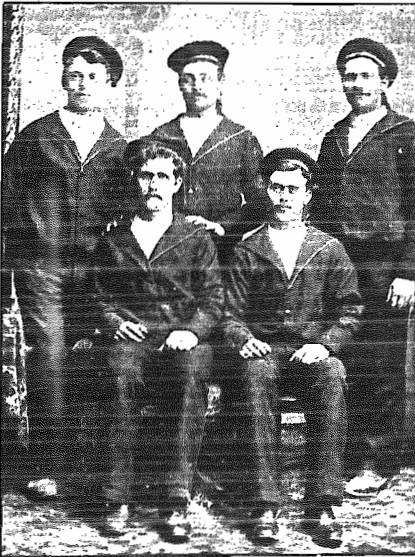
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NEWFOUNDLAND,

The Most Eastern Province of Our Territory, is Engaged in a Very Earnest and Energetic Six Months' Campaign. The P. S. has Set His Goal, Amongst Other Things, at 1,200 Souls, 500 More Soldiers, Increases in Cartridge Money, Increases in War Cry, Advancement of the Fisherman's League, and the Junior Work.

BRAVO, NEWFOUNDLAND!

God Bless the Tight Little Island.



THE CREW OF THE SCHOONER "SALVATIONIST." Cadet S. Dunter; Lieut. M. Barry; Lieut. S. Bishop, 1st mate; Captain William Parsons, skip-

per; Cadet T. Sparks. After her return from the shores of Labrador, the "Salvationist" will visit most of the corps around the Island.



MAJOR SHARP AND HIS STAFF.

The "Banks" of Newfoundland, stretching along the eastern and southern coasts of the Island, are extensive submarine elevations, 600 or 700 miles long, and of various widths.

Fogs are found chiefly along the shores.

The coast line is pierced by many fine harbors and bays. Mossy marshes, rocky ridges, with rivers and lakes, re-appear along the coast.

Winter sets in about the beginning of December and lasts till the middle of April, snow sometimes lying during this time, but the frost rarely penetrates deeper than a few inches beneath the soil.

Newfoundland stands high among the copper-producing countries of the world. The mines are all situated round the shores of Notre Dame Bay.

LOST IN SIGHT OF LAND.

NEWFOUNDLAND.—Four men had PUT OUT TO SEA on a shooting boat. Not long after it began to blow hard, and the sea commenced to rage and foam furiously.

Soon the little boat with its sails was being tossed to the utmost. Unable to brave the force of the wind and maddened sea, she

Run Her Bow Under Water,

capsized, and turned bottom up, throwing the men into the angry sea, at the mercy of the furious tempest.

The men succeeded two or three times in climbing on to her keel, only to be swept off by the rolling billows. Three of them, fatigued and overcome, soon sank and perished. While

the third man was being swept off for the last time he was heard to say by the one who survived, "OH, IT IS NOW WE NEED SALVATION."

WHEN CONSCIENCE BEGINS to smite, and the pangs of eternal death have seized hold, it is too late to cry for mercy. Had that sinking man only got right a few nights before as he sat in the Army hall under the influence of red-hot truth, he would have been able to say, "Oh, it's now salvation STANDS ME GOOD."

More awful still, it was said that TWO OF THE THREE drowned were backsliders from the Army. Sinner, opportunities and chances of securing salvation are passing away one after another, and the last one will come. ENSIGN PAYNE.



THE ST. JOHN SLUM BRIGADE, under command of Captain Yost, of the Rescue Home, assisted by her Cadet, and a couple of Cadets from the Training Garrison. These are representatives of some fourteen, including sergeants and soldiers, com-

missioned by Mrs. Major Sharp to visit the poorer parts of the city, tend the sick, and with broom and brush create comparative paradise out of chaos and confusion, and finally approach the question, "How can we save the soul's salvation."

Last Winter's Fearful Pinch.

THE GREAT FINANCIAL PANIC touched every place, from St. John to every little harbor around the coast, with only a few settlers.

Around the eastern and northern coast the toilers of the deep caught one-fifth of a summer's catch. Some were unable to buy even flour or tea for the winter. Many could not procure their winter's stock, for the merchants could not allow them credit.

Some of our officers write that their officers stood nightly to their side "HANGERING." And the officers could not be much better, for they live with the people. They never complained.

Two officers, after much questioning, confessed they could not sleep at night for cold; they had not a blanket upon their bed, and could not keep warm night or day.

The Major's first business was to express them a pair by the next mail. They were so overjoyed they laughed and cried by turns. The Captain declared when they went to bed they could not sleep for comfort. This is only one instance.

Yet amidst it all there was not one bit of difference in zeal in the morning. Crowds were larger, and numbers of souls were saved.

The total area of Newfoundland is about 42,000 square miles.

In shape it has something the form of an equilateral triangle. It is traversed by ranges of low hills, with here and there a sharply peaked summit rising abruptly.

An immense number of ponds and lakes cover the surface, occupying nearly a third of the island.

The chief seats of the herring fishery are Fortune Bay, George's Bay, Bay of Islands, Borne Bay, and the whole coast of the Labrador.

St. John harbor is very safe. Vessels may ride any gale beside the heads. The Narrows is defended by several batteries.

An infidel of fifteen years' standing has lately got saved at British Guiana. A saved chemist and his son (who is cashier at a big city firm) have just donned the uniform, which is selling quicker than Headquarters can send it across.



THE CHIEF of Staff has agreed to the opening of a new Hotel Metropole in Brussels.

The Japanese party have arrived at their destination.

The young Czar of Russia is not going to be let alone. A plot for his destruction has been discovered and the usual dispatch to Siberia has followed the discovery.

Major Jolliffe has a revolver in his desk, given him at the penitentiary, at Westminster, by a man who had it ready loaded to blow out his brains but came and got saved instead.

Lieut. Spauldon (who was stabbed in Italy), is progressing as well as can be expected, though terribly weak from loss of blood. He was moved a little the other day for his bed to be made.

The alterations of Malmo Shelter are nearly completed. A Turkish bath is being fitted up, new beds have been added, and the town council will probably grant 2,000 kroner towards the expenses.

A Finnish Lieutenant at Tavasthus has been fined 150 marks for pushing against a policeman, who tried to prevent him entering the Salvation Army quarters. A meeting at the barracks (attached to quarters) which was to have been led by Brigadier Haartman, had just been prohibited by the authorities.

The anarchist is still on the war-path. A policeman arrested one just as he was in the act of lighting a bomb in Rothchild's bank. The infernal hatred of these fanatics can only be counteracted by the universal practice of the Sermon on the Mount, beginning with those who claim to be disciples of Christ.

The mother of our last-accepted Italian Cudet is a pious Roman Catholic, and has been all the way from Turin to Naples to pray the Madonna of Pompili for the reconversion of her son. The Madonna did not prevent thieves from breaking into her house whilst she was away and taking some objects of small value.



THE HARBOR BRIGADE, formed for the purpose of visiting the vessels lying in the harbor. Complete, the party numbers seven, in charge of Sergt. Stephens, Sergeant Stowe,

and Auxiliary-Sergeant Martin. With War Cry and salvation's story they board the schooners, with personal soul dealing if not conduct-meetings.

FROM THE QUEEN CITY

To the World's Metropolis.

BY MAJOR READ.

(Continued.)

We are just opposite the banks of Newfoundland, and it is consequently cold. Passengers are going for their rugs and top-coats.

From the chart fastened in the companion way I gather the fact that since noon yesterday our vessel has run 140 miles, making a total since leaving Sandy Hook of 851 miles, not so great a distance as one might expect, but the slow speed is on account of the strong north-east wind still blowing.

Still sea-sickness is foreign to me, and still I stick to the table each meal time. I should have told readers that we have on board a married couple. They are Adventists going to South America with their son, who is quite a big boy. To-day a printed list of the ship's passengers was passed round. I shall keep it as a souvenir of the voyage. After dinner to-day I repaired to my stateroom, and had not been there many minutes before my fitful slumbers were broken by loud, strange words. My beery companion was saying, "No blessed water here, confound it!" This is the man who thought it blasphemous to say one was saved, but a little salvation would have enabled him to keep cool when the water supply ran low and not to "confound it" so much! Here was a sorry lack of consistency. Quits were played on deck to-day. Although the "New York" rolls some what, yet she has never shipped a drop of water since we left. We are now passing "the Banks." As I write, about 8 p.m., most of the second cabin passengers are gathering into the dining-room to listen to some comic songs. "Birds of a feather flock together." I am enjoying sweet communion with God in my cabin, and penning these lines for the dear old Canadian Cry. Good-night!

August 21.—Last night our stately vessel rolled and rocked in such a manner that I found it rather difficult to sleep. However, I managed to get a few good solid hours, and when I awoke this morning I found by a glance at the look-alikes that my face resembled a pumpkin, so swelled, and ere I reach Southampton the peeling process will have begun. Oh, how the skin smart! The poor Scotchman has a face resembling a bit of beef. The united action of sea

and wind is responsible for all this I happened down into the steerage this morning. There I met two young fellows from Christchurch, in the vicinity of my parents' birth-place Ogg was their name. For years they had lived at Duluth, and were now on their way home to see their dying father. Neither of them were saved, although for years they had attended Sunday school, my own uncle's eldest son having been their teacher.

(To be continued.)

Famous Songs.

"ROCK OF AGES."

THIS HYMN by degrees became dissociated from ITS AUTHOR, TOP-LADY. It spread heavenly wings. One hears the song caught up by many voices, and does not know who first uttered it.

In the fourteenth century it is said that all Europe was carolling the songs of an unknown singer, and when he was found he was a leper, who carried a little bell to warn people of his approach, and went muffled for very loathsomeness about the public street.

When Toplady was near his death the physician perceived him to be much improved, and spoke encouragingly of his prospects. But the wisest patient replied, "No, no; I shall die, for no mortal could endure such manifestations of God's glory as I have and live."

The next day he expired while singing one of his own hymns.

It was to this "Rock of Ages" also, that THE BELOVED PRINCE CONSORT, Albert of England, turned, repeating it constantly on his death-bed. "For," said he, "if in this hour I had only my worldly honors and dignities, I should indeed be poor."

In 1776 it was inserted in the "Gospel Magazine," with the title: "A living and dying PRAYER for the HOLIEST BELIEVER in the world." SIVERGREN says: "A glimpse at the thorn-crowned head and pierced hands and feet is a sure cure for 'modern doubts' and all its vagaries. Get into the 'Rock of Ages' clasp for you and you will ABHOR THE QUICK-SAND."



THE WAR CRY BRIGADE. A special effort to bombard the city of St. John, substituting pure literature in the place of useless trash, especially

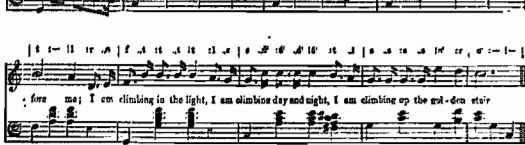
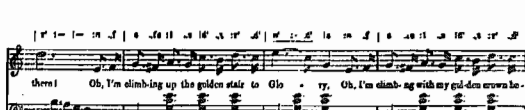
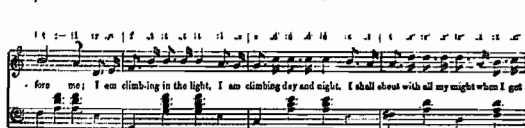
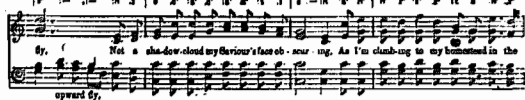
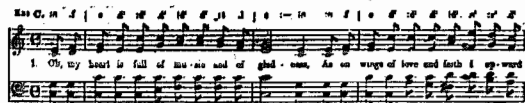
among the sea-faring men constantly coming and going, as well as the townpeople, with cheery smiles, and many a stray salvation shot sent home to the needy soul.

CLIMBING UP THE GOLDEN STAIR.

One of the Army's Latest Songs, Sung by Ensign Attwell at the 13th Anniversary Meetings.

Words by CONSUL BOOTH-TUCKER.

Music by COMMISSIONER BOOTH-TUCKER.



2 Every day it seems I want to love Him better,
Every day it seems I want to see Him more;
Every day I strive to climb the ladder faster,
Every effort brings me nearer Christ's shore.

3 Oh, the joy of getting closer to climb with me,
Lost, despairing, broken-hearted, all may come;
Calvary's love has made this stair a very wide one,
Faster, lay your burden down, and hasten home.

A Convert of Bird Island Cove.

BROTHER G. GEORGE.

Convicted in the Floating Breakers
—Dried Through the Fog on the Banks—
Moved in the Army
Six Years Ago.

ON THE PLEASY WAVES of the bleak Atlantic, where wild billows sweep up over the rocks, carrying away the fishing-junks, to dash them in pieces, there many a ship-wrecked mariner has gone down beneath the boiling turmoil, and there, at Bird Island Cove, the subject of our sketch was born.

In 1882 his father was taken from his side, leaving him, with five brothers, to struggle through this world and to care for their widowed mother.

GEORGE, with a profession of religion, made the mistake of thinking he was good enough, till reading in the word of God, to him that thinketh himself something when he is nothing, he concluded that he was altogether wrong, and instead of giving himself wholly to God, he went back and became a miserable backslider.

Although he never indulged in drinking or swearing, yet some other sins seemed

As Natural as Eye-Sight

to him.
"I remember," said George, "leaving my home one beautiful Sabbath morning in November with four more companions. We went on a pleasure trip to a frozen pond in the distance.

Soon we reached our destination, delighted to see the ice so smooth, but it almost makes me shudder to-day when I think of the strange noise that burst over our heads in the midst of our skating, dancing, and courting, a sound more loud than thunder. We were all amazed at the shock! For myself, I wouldn't have given six cents for my life. My slight god, my strength gave way, and the pond became as the waves of the sea. It was something terrible. The mountains seemed to shake and the very ground that we stood on trembled. As soon as we got over the shock we made for home.

From that time I resolved to lead a better life, but trying in my own strength, I soon failed as miserably, so they had to return. Nearing the shore, they

Ran Upon the Breakers,

and but for the brave helmsman no doubt they would have been swallowed up in the greedy sea.

George could do nothing but cry for help from the boats in the distance, while his brother, who is to-day a soldier in the S. A., kept swimming to help to lighten the boat, lest she should sink. George felt himself a coward, and promised God if ever He would bring him safe to land again he would be a better life. But, sailor like, water stories and land stories don't agree. He soon forgot his vows.

Two seasons after this, our comrade shared the hardships of the foggy banks, which none but those thus engaged can describe.

In 1887 the Salvation Army bombarded the place. At first sight our comrade began to think that after all God had opened up a way for him to succeed where he had failed so many times. Over six years now have found him a soldier. He was married to a soldier under the Army flag.

LIEUT. THOMPSON.

MAJOR SHARP AND HIS STAFF.

(See cut on front page.)

ENSIGN FREEMAN, one of the oldest officers in the Island. Probably one-half of the barracks he has assisted to build. Our comrade has deep and sincere sympathy in the loss of his wife and little babe.

ENSIGN RENNIE, a Scotch lassie well known in the Dominion, especially in the Northwest Province.

ENSIGN PAYNE, once a divinity student, still a preacher of salvation. His name is familiar also through his writings.

ENSIGN GOODY and Mrs. Goody. The Ensign has had a long stay in the Northern District of Newfoundland. His eyes have been severely affected by the intense whiteness of the snow.

ENSIGN CREIGHTON, is by birth a Scotchman, but with Major Sharp during his stay in Kingston.

Southern District Notes, NEWFOUNDLAND.

SKIRMISHING WITH THE ENEMY here of late. That means fight with all might. It might seem to sweep down upon us like a hurricane but we rallied our forces, for we saw the contest was going to be fierce and deadly. We had some heavy firing and severe blows, which resulted in losses on both sides. Nevertheless, although desperately set on, oh, no, we were not killed, just bruised and pounded a bit! We meant fight and a cry of "No surrender" resulted in the capture of a few prisoners. The shout of our conquering King is still in our midst. The Grand Bank comrades are sticking to their post and fighting on. Sergt. Major Patten and Sergt. Courtney, with other skippers, find and prove that salvation stands them good.

On the Banks at Sea.

They can feel calm and poised when the sails are being rent by the howling, furious storm, when it looks like disaster.

Skipper Evans gave me a passage by his schooner from Grand Bank to Burin. We left at 3 a.m., and reached the Quarters after 6 p.m. We were right glad to strike terra firma again, as the three Salvation passengers of us were sea-sick.

Tears shed as Cadet Hurdy farewelled for Canada. God go with you, Cadet. She was right away succeeded by Lieut. Rose, who received a hearty welcome from the Burin comrades. No doubt the Captain was pleased, as she anticipated a single-handed fight for a time. It fairly poured down rain Sunday morning. God turned Heaven's light on in the holiness meetings. Good crowd at night. A winter and a ride on horse-back of fourteen more brought us to GARNISH. Lieutenant Green's horse seemed determined to dismount him, and to do this had a run off the road a few times and began to fear up seven miles and his bones were broken. Captain Moulton got such a shaking up he was unable to come to the meeting. It would have been easier to have worked at the H. F. We had a fine, lively time here, and one soul professed salvation. These comrades are alive and fighting on. The dedication of Sister White's baby to the Lord was solemn and impressive. Also the dedication of Sister Pauline's baby meant an increase in the sailor force. On our return to Grand Bank a head wind meant that we had to use the oars, then the wind arose, and it looked kind of suspicious when the sea water began to dash in upon us in the open pail. This, it is needless to say, was very pleasant to the flesh. But with Christ in the vessel we could smile at the storm.

ENSIGN PAYNE.



PROVINCIAL NOTES

FROM

"The Sea-Girl Isle."

MAJOR SHARP.

WELCOME, yes, ten thousand welcomes to our beloved lender. Night glad were we to receive a wire stating that the Commandant would arrive at St. John's on the 10th of October and regular with all the 10th. Hallelujah! What a rare treat this is for us in the city.

WHILE REJOICING in the hopes of having the Commandant with us for six days in the city, yet we feel indeed sorry that he could not spare the time to go round to the outposts, as at first proposed.

A BIG RECEPTION awaits the Commandant when he lands at the wharf. None of your cold, half-hearted ones, but a proper, warm, loving, blood-and-fire welcome. Our hearts are open to receive him, and drink in every word that he utters. We believe that he shall get inspired by his very presence in our midst, helped and cheered by his loving counsel and sound ministry advice.

YES, 'TIS TRUE that the very thoughts of his coming to visit us encourages us to go forward to win fresh victories. Haste, happy day, when we shall clasp his hand, look in to his face, and give him a royal welcome to the Sea Girl Isle. Sorry indeed are we that Mrs. Booth is unable to accompany the Commandant, nevertheless we will not forget her at the Throne of Grace, and pray for God to bless and give her special strength to hold the reins in the absence of the Commandant.

SOLDIERS AND FRIENDS are getting all excited over his visit already, prayers are going up daily to the Throne that God will bring our leader to us in safety, filled with the Holy Ghost, so that a glorious revival shall be started, which will spread till it sweeps the whole island to the feet of Jesus.

AM IT IS not every day that we have our leader in our midst, we are determined to make the most of this one, and get all from him that he is able to give.

OFFICERS' and Soldiers' Councils, non-saving and social reform meetings, are the order of the day. Also an all-night of prayer.

NOW, seeing that the Commandant cannot spare the time to visit the outposts and harbors, we must do the next best thing, so that every officer and soldier will have the privilege of seeing and hearing General White, our beloved leader. Therefore we have arranged with every soldier and friend who has a craft to arrange to come into the city during the week that the Commandant is here, and bring as many with them as can arrange to come, for we are sure that they will receive much blessing in attending the meetings. Of course there will be an anniversary banquet, at which the Commandant, officers, soldiers and friends of the great S. A. will be invited to attend. I am sure you ought to come.

EVERY OFFICER is expected to be present, and also a representative from every corps on the Island.

OLD BELUCAN.—We marched out at our outpost, GRACE COVE, Sunday afternoon. It was the Army's first time ever marching out there. Grand time. We held a short open-air meeting, large crowd of people present. Then we marched to the Temperance Hall. Real good time, building packed. Then at our night's meeting was the crowning time, when six precious souls found Christ.—Capt. Smyth.

THE WINDSOR, D. S., PROSECUTION.

FULL PARTICULARS.

Shameful Conduct of the Authorities—Prisoner Watson Injured in Windsor Jail—The Pubo Indignant.

Windsor, N.S., Sept. 18, 1895.

Special to the War Cry.

CAPTAIN KENWAY, CANDIDATE MORRISON, SERGEANT BROTHERS, and myself were arrested while holding an open-air meeting last evening and lodged in jail all night. We were brought before the St. Peter's Magistrate this morning, charged with violating the following by-law of the town, which reads:

"No person shall ring a bell, beat a drum, blow a horn or trumpet, clang a cymbal or triangle, or play on any musical instrument, sing, or make any noise on the streets of the town to the annoyance or disturbance of any inhabitants of the town, etc."

After hearing the cases, it was of course clearly proven that under this by-law we were guilty. The only person the prosecution brought forward who had been annoyed was Councillor O'Brien, who has the reputation of being a strong sum supporter. We were fined \$2 and costs each, or five days in the common jail. We of course refused to pay the fine, and were given till the day following to pay, when warrants would be issued for our arrest. The court room was crowded. Many were unable to obtain admission. Among the spectators were some of the most prominent and influential citizens of the town and friends of the Army. Among the number were Judge de Wolfe, T. B. Smith, ex-Mr. L., Manager Tobin, Mr. Dickinson,

Particulars of the Affair.

WINDSOR is a remarkably pretty, historic old town, which is the birthplace of the oldest colony in North America. The Army has from its advent been most kindly treated by the townspeople. It is also a Scott Act town, but as the boys said about his father's religion, "he has not worked much at it." Until recently rum shops have existed under the eye and to the knowledge of the authorities. Drunkenness was rife, especially on Sundays. We have had young men fall off the seats in the barracks on a Sunday afternoon, drunk, after coming from a rum shop near by. To see these young men going to hell and destruction so, has stirred our inmost souls, and we have repeatedly spoken of the miserable state of affairs in the great open-air meetings. This, of course, aroused the devil and the rummellers and rum supporters. The first intimation of the enemy's tactics commenced with the police ordering us off the alleged riotous battle ground on which the Army has held their meetings for over nine years, on the complaint of the blocking of the streets, owing to the large crowds on Sunday nights especially. This we complied with on Saturday nights, until sickness being in the vicinity we returned to the old stand. The police, acting under instructions from the Mayor, again ordered us back. I told him there was sickness on the other corner, but he insistently shook his club in my face and threatened to arrest me in the presence of the crowd. On two occasions directly afterwards, when we only stopped to make an announcement, we were again insultingly ordered to move on or be arrested. The climax, however, was reached on Tuesday evening last, when on arriving at the open-air we found our ring on the broadest part of the street, allowing sufficient room for all traffic. Nearly half we formed the ring when I was arrested by the police and marched off to the lock-up. The excitement was intense. Hoots, yells of indignation, and cries of "Shame!" burst from the crowd of quiet on-lookers, while the soldiers

Followed, Singing to the Hall,

all willing to go if arrested. THE CROWD wonderfully increased

as we marched to jail. Arriving there, Councillor O'Brien, chairman of the Police Committee, was there to welcome the prisoners. When the jail door clanged on me, the Captain, Mrs. Watson, and comrades, marched down to the same place to continue the meeting. Mrs. Watson here took charge of meeting, was praying, when Councillor O'Brien arrived on the scene. Stepping into the ring in a highly-excited state, he attempted to break up the meeting, shook Captain Kenway, and handed him over to the police for arrest. Then turning his attention to Mrs. Watson, who was still praying, he seized her arm, and shook and pushed her, saying, "If you were only a man." The drummers were next arrested and marched off to jail, where I welcomed them heartily. The women continued their meeting, however, and returned to the barracks for a meeting, which was packed to the door, it being also the last night of the H. Festival.

A Night in Jail.

The boys were over-rejoiced that they had the honor of spending a night in the cells for Jesus' sake. Frank Brothers told the police he had often been drunk, lying around the streets, before his conversion, and he never arrested him then, but now he is saved and sober, he is arrested and jailed for following Jesus. While singing and praying we felt the power and presence of God in our souls, feeling sure that Christ and His cause would finally prevail. We found a little dirty straw on the floor of the cell, which was put in one corner. Some blankets were thrown in to us, which had evidently been disinfected, but the cure seemed worse than the disease, for they nearly made us sick with the smell. However, we all laid down in the dirty cell with happy hearts, and slept as best we could, for we were so cold and there was no fire, but at last morning dawned.

Breakfast and Prayers in the Cells.

At about 7.30 we breakfasted on porridge, molasses, tea and bread. After our breakfast we read about the persecution of the apostles and their sufferings, then knelt, and sang, and prayed. While we were praying the outer cell door opened and the jailer walked in. Standing at the door of the cell in a rage, he used the following language: "Well, but you are the biggest d— d— a fool I ever saw in my life," and with that he seized me by the shoulders and dragged me off my knees (while praying) outside the cell, and threatened to lock me in a dark cell by myself. I replied I thought we could surely have morning prayers in a public jail, but according to Mr. Smith it seems not. Paul and Silas, when locked in a Roman prison 1500 years ago, prayed and sang praises at midnight, but we, in a Christian town, were assaulted

for praying and singing at 8 o'clock in the morning. Praise God for salvation.

At the time of writing we are expecting every minute being arrested to serve our five days out.

THE TOWN IS THOROUGHLY AROUSED IN INDIGNATION at what they term a scandalous proceeding on the part of the authorities, for Windsor has always been so friendly, and this has come as a hurricane on them. Councillor O'Brien, who seems to be the prime mover of the prosecution, was hissed at by the on-lookers for his disgraceful assault on Mrs. Watson, and many are the strong expressions. We hear that had they attempted to arrest the faithful women there would surely have been a riot. As it was, I understand it was on the balance, so strong was the feeling of the crowd.

We sincerely trust that we shall be allowed to continue our work in peace, reasoning of righteousness, temperance and judgment to come, and that many souls may be saved. We expect a tremendous crowd in the open air to-night, for we are going to continue the meetings until we are all jailed. Pray that God will be glorified, and that rum and the devil may be defeated.



Young, in the light,

J. WATSON, ESQ.

Another despatch has been received from Eugene Watson, headed, "In Jail," dated September 20th, which we are unable to insert this week for lack of space.—ED.

Shining makes you leave off praying, and praying makes you leave off shining.

If God's mercies are not loadstones they will be millstones; if they do not draw us to God and His salvation, they will sink us under a load of condemnation.—T. Spurgeon.

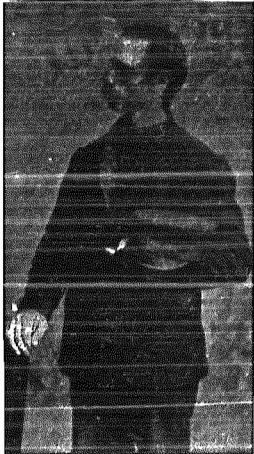
"CURSES GOD, DESPISES HEAVEN."

Col. Robt. Ingersoll's Terrible Arraignment of Alcohol.

The following wonderful piece of word painting has been frequently published, but it is so good as to be worth many repetitions. Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, in addressing a jury in a case which involved the manufacture of alcohol, made the following terrible arraignment of the demon:

"I do not wonder that every thoughtful man is prejudiced against this damned stuff called alcohol. Intemperance cuts down youth in its vigor, maimed in its strength, old age in its weakness. It breaks the father's heart, leaves the dotage mother, extinguishes natural affection, crushes conjugal love, hots out civil attachment, blights parental hope, brings down mourning age in sorrow to the grave. It produces weakness, not strength; sickness, not health; death, not life. It makes wives widows, children orphans, fathers friends, and all of them paupers and beggars. It feeds circumlocution, invites cholera, imports pestilence and embraces consumption. It covers the land with idleness, misery and crime. It fills your jails, supplies your almshouses and demands your asylums. It engenders controversies, fosters quarrels, and cherishes riots. It crowds your penitentiaries and furnishes victims for your scaffolds."

"It is the blood of the gambler, the element of the burglar, the prop of the highwayman, and support of the midnight incendiary. It contemns the law, respects the thief, esteems the blasphemer. It violates obligation, reverences fraud and honors infamy. It defames innocence, hates love, sows crime and stirs up vengeance. It incites the father to butcher his helpless offspring, helps the husband to massacre his wife, and the child to grind the parental axe. It burns up men, consumes women, defiles the curses God despises Heaven. It subdues witnesses, curses perjury, defiles the jury box, and stains judicial ermine. It decimates the citizen, huses legislature, dishonors statesmen and disarms the patriot. It brings shame, not honor; terror, not safety; despair, not hope; misery, not happiness; and with the malevolence of a fiend it calmly surveys his frightful desolation and unsatiated havoc. It poisons society, kills peace, ruins morals, blights confidence, stains reputations and wipes out national honor. Then curses the world and laughs at its ruin. It does all that and more. It murders the soul. It is the sum of all villainies, the father of all crimes, the mother of all abominations, the devil's best friend and God's worst enemy."—Harbor of God.



ENSIGN BON SMITH, Morden, North West Province.

-: THE :-

DRINK-DEMON'S DEATH-GRAPPLE

With Sergeant-Major Lowes.

Gambling and Carousing—Nick of Life—Self Humbled—The Badge on His Breast.

(Continued.)

I WENT AS FAR WEST AS MOOSEJAW. I had made up my mind to live a new life and do right, for I did want to live a good life.

When I arrived at Moosejaw I found that the devil was there ahead of me, and had my career marked out for me. I met with men there who loved their whiskey. They got me to start, and when once I got started to drink I could not control myself, the devil had such a hold of me.

I stayed in Moosejaw eight months.

A Terrible Eight Months

It was, drinking and gambling all the time. I think I went to two Army meetings, but I was so drunk that I did not know what they were saying. I often wonder God did not strike me dead for my wickedness. Oh, I do thank God that He was so merciful to me. I got so tired of my life I could not rest. I thought that a change to Ontario might do me good.

On my way down I called at Moosemound to see my sister. After drinking and carousing around for a few days I went to the Salvation Army. The first night I was pretty drunk, and consequently did not know very much about what was going on. I went again the next night.

God's Spirit took hold of me. The captain spoke to me.

I told her that I WOULD NOT GET SAVED.

I went again the next night, and at the close of the meeting the Lieutenant wanted me to get saved. I told her, too, that I would not, but I would give up drinking.

I went again—for by this time I could not stay away—and as soon as the invitation was given to come to Jesus, I started for the pentent-form, got

Down on My Knees,

and after a hard struggle with the devil—for he did not want to let me go—I got the victory, and rose to my feet A NEW MAN.

A new creature in Christ Jesus, old things had gone away, and all things had become new. Now comes the cross, now comes the fight. I felt God wanted me in the Army. The Lieutenant asked me to give up my breast, and I promised her I would wear it. A few days after, I started for Ontario.

It was a struggle for me to wear the badge before my old companions, but God helped me not only to wear my badge, but to show by my life that I was a changed man.

After stopping in Ontario for about three months, I returned to Moosemound, and attended the meeting. One of the comrades asked me to come on the platform. I went. The Lieutenant asked me for MY PASS.

I told her that I had got saved here about three months ago, and that I did not know I had to have a pass.

She asked me to write for a pass from the corps that I attended while in Ontario. I intended to do it, but in the meantime the devil whispered in my ear, why write for a pass? You can go to the church. They will take you without a pass if the Army won't.

I yielded to the impulse and went. I soon found that I was in the wrong place.

I began to go back in my soul. I could not be obedient to God and go to church. God wanted me in the Army, and there I had to go or go back to my old life. Although I did not go back to my old life, yet I went back far enough to cut off my communion with God. I had to repent and do my first works over again. I believe that it was the best thing that ever happened to me, because it humbled me and made me a wiser man. God has to

Chastise us Pretty Sharp

sometimes in order to bring us to the truth.

I am glad He helped me to surrender. I find that perfect obedience brings perfect peace.

It is nearly three years since the Lord saved me. During that time He has been my Guide. I have had lots of good fighting and good doing of opposition, but through it all the Lord has kept me. I love the fight better than ever. Instead of going around the streets drunk I love to stand on the street corners and uphold

The Saviour of Men,

or to take up a collection in the open air, sell War Cry in the saloons, and tackle people about their souls.

WHAT A CHANGE! I can hardly realize it! What can I do to repay the Lord for His goodness to me? I feel that I am unworthy of his mercy. When I think of my past life it fills me with shame to think that I had wandered so far from the God who had LOVED ME SO MUCH.

My all is on the altar. I'll take it back no more, NEVER, NEVER.



GRATTON, N. D.—Surely the Salvation Army is growing in this place. Three souls since last report. Being quite dark we did not take up a collection, the open air, and taking into consideration that the people had the same week given to the Trades and Labor Demonstration \$500 for prizes, I am sure that you will be pleased to report that the same corps has raised the sum of \$225, bettering last year by \$22. The Major, the Adjutant, Ensign Clark, and I were there for the week-end.—Captain Spencer.

WINNIPEG—H. P. has passed off very successfully considering difficulties. Just previous to this the corps raised over \$700, and taking into consideration that the people had the same week given to the Trades and Labor Demonstration \$500 for prizes, I am sure that you will be pleased to report that the same corps has raised the sum of \$225, bettering last year by \$22. The Major, the Adjutant, Ensign Clark, and I were there for the week-end.—Captain Spencer.

RAT PORTAGE—Victory. Six souls cried for mercy during the week. Some have taken their stand as soldiers.—Ensign Lee.

EMERSON—Capt. Westcott somewhat better after a severe attack of bronchitis. Hit our target square in the eye. Things look up.—Capt. Leach.

FARGO—Is one of the prettiest places (if not the prettiest) in N. D.,

right in the centre of a large farming district, with all the characteristics of an American city, with a "get there" on all you see being done. Even the base-balls announce their games "to be played for blood." There is Broadway and Front streets, and cross streets, and streets and wide (not the sort that would break a rabbit's back getting around the corners in a half-mile.) Some of the stores are second to none in the Northwest. "Flint's, Inc." When one comes in sight of Broadway his fancies he has got into a city of fifty thousand instead of ten. Almost directly in the centre of this great city the Salvation Army has a nice hall, where nightly meetings are going on with good success. The people here are a benevolent lot. This is seen whenever we ask for a collection in the corner. May God bless and repay them for their kindness. Our comrades the open-air are all that could be desired, great attention given. The Chief of Police and staff are a credit to the city. They don't forget us. Six out for salvation, a number for sanctification, four or five want to be soldiers.—Ensign Hughes.



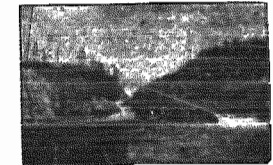
COLLINGSWOOD.—Arrived with our war-horse, Maud, after a hundred mile drive. Never more determined to fight the devil. One poor drunkard cried for salvation.—S.B.

EXBRIDGE.—Comrades are worthy of honor for the way they worked at H. P. God will reward them. Thanks to the many donors. Orders came for me to say good-bye. I cannot express how sorry I am to leave. Let me keep the prize in view. Jesus keeps all I go in His strength.—Captain Lewis.

ST. CATHARINES DISTRICT.—Breasting the waves magnificently, bending every effort to secure souls. Ensign Miles received a loving farewell. Adjutant Miller welcomed, and seven backsliders returned in six weeks. Three are soldiers and two recruits. Two jubilee services held. H. P. passed by. Series of special addresses on special subjects. Much in being done to attract and interest, and convert.—Pegawayway.

NEWMARKET.—I see H. P. is a telling success. I saw an ice-cream social attacked, and three freezers full disposed of. I saw the goods rapidly disposed of under the executioner's hammer. I saw Capt. Howcroft try her hand at it. I saw the target struck. I further saw Ensign Byers here gladly received by all the comrades. Ensign Vale and the Warriors Band in the hearts of the people. Soldiers and officers reported wonderful times in Toronto. I saw Sister Bowerman booming the Cry. Capt. Howcroft backed her against any other corps of this size in the Central. Come along, Major Campbell, you will be received with open arms. Soldiers!—Old Knoll.

SUDBURY.—Good meetings, three souls at the cross. Soldiers on fire. Our motto is "no retreat." One of our soldiers who attended the big meetings in Toronto said he got fitted with the Spirit of God.—Lieut. Wicks.



GRAND FALLS—100 feet—and Log Chute, Muskoka River.

TORONTO.—Christianity meant to me that I would have to let Christ take His abode in my soul, and dwell there every minute of each day. To have Jesus dwelling in our hearts we must leave ourselves fully in His hands to do just what He wants us to do, and to pray often and earnestly for Divine strength to do His blood will. It is impossible to do the will of God without first being born of the Spirit. Thank God, when I was

converted I had a strong desire to do the will of my blessed Jesus. I love to tell what our heavenly Father has done.

There has been a wonderful change in my life since I gave God my heart. Before I was converted I was a total wreck through strong drink and other terrible sins. I was so miserable and unhappy that I was truly tired of life, but glory to God I have been converted. Now I am happy. I am determined to keep my trust in the sinner's Friend. Praise God for the Salvation Army, where I was converted in one of the Shelters. It was the Life-Boat on the corner of Victoria street and Winton avenue, Toronto, January, 1891. Soldier, Richmond Street, E.M.



HALIFAX N.—Souls have professed salvation. Several of our comrades have left us for other places, and some have been laid aside from sickness, making us short-handed. Still, no surrender. There are sounds of forewarning in the air. We shall miss Captain Rayner very much. God bless her. Some of our comrades have been through the fire of affliction.

WESTVILLE, N. S.—The Lord helped us to strike our target. Friends very kind. Then orders to farewell. Good-bye—F. Knight, P. S.—Mrs. Knight and baby well.

PARISBOUR.—Complete success. Struck target and led district. Friends liberal with help. Ensign Tilley farewelled.—A. R. Boss.

NEWCASTLE.—Grand meetings, half full each night. Sell thirty Cry. One soul. It is indeed a delight to hold a meeting here.—Capt. Andrews.

NEWCASTLE.—Meetings led by Captain and Mrs. Pugh. Power of God felt. Mrs. Pugh spoke on the need of a new heart, and said she claimed pardon by faith. Lieutenant Smith present, but unable to take much part through ill-health.—Carrie Reeves, A.L.B.



PARIS.—Capt. Lanza, who has been fighting here on account of sickness has had to lay down the weapons, we are sorry to say. She was taken to the hospital. Last account she was improving. She asks our comrades in the war to pray for her. Holiness meeting a time of much conviction. One soldier got out of it again. Lots of fire.—Sec. McLaughlin.

INGERSOLL.—Target banished, don't know where it's gone to—it's shot to pieces. Struck the other side. Country enveloped for miles around. Though the place has suffered terribly from the dry weather, the crops being burnt out of the ground in some places, the farmers helped us along abundantly. Meetings, Sunday, led by Captain Cockerill. Juniors taking active part. Monday the first customer came along and bought out eight dollars' worth of stuff. God bless the postmaster.—Lieut. Liston.

His Faith.

It is said that some years ago, when the Second Adventists were expecting our Lord to come, on a given night, many persons sat up to keep watch. Among the rest, a small company in a rural district took up their position in a hay field. Hour after hour passed. At length, before day-break, the sun had risen, the dew lay down, and was soon fast asleep. One or two of the company were regularly inclined, and to convince their sleeping companion that he had not fallen asleep, they set the haystack on fire, standing aside to watch the result.

The poor fellow must have been a doubting, half-and-half Christian.—If indeed a Christian at all. Awakened by the smoke and flames, he exclaimingly called out: "IN HEAVEN—WHAT I EXPECTED!"

THE LATEST!

Mrs. Colonel Eadie has gone to Heaven.

War Cry.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

A Journal devoted to the salvation of the lost and sanctification of the saved, together with the propagation of the Salvation War in all places.
Address all communications to the Editor, Salvation Army Headquarters, Toronto.

NEWFOUNDLAND gets a special representation in this issue, and they deserve it. They are a loyal, out-and-out Salvation Army crowd. They love God, and know what a hurricane of prayer is, as a consequence they win souls for Jesus. They revere their leaders in the war and believe in the Army as thoroughly as we. We congratulate the Commissioner on the occasion of his visit there, a time of unstinted love, loyalty, daring faith, and fighting enthusiasm. Forward! Newfoundland.

THE 13th AT LONDON, HURRAH!

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE Thirtieth Anniversary Celebrations are a thing of the past. Major Strepton declares that from Brigadier Margretha downwards the West Ontario comrades were at the apex of enthusiasm, they indulged in a sort of Intelligible Extravaganza. The only drawback to the whole was the very indifferent health of the Commandant. He is a fighter and an inveterate dragged himself to the front again and again. It is especially desirable that he should be sustained throughout the Anniversary Campaigns. Let us not forget "The prayers of the righteous avail much."

WINDSOR, N. S.

The story that Ensign Watson has to tell of the Windsor, N.S., authorities' recent proceedings seems incredible. Nevertheless the account is reliable and unexaggerated. We regret the occurrence. Our officers have done what they could to accommodate themselves to the whims of the police, and are in no wise responsible for the unusual action of the authorities. We are followers of Jesus Christ, open-air preachers, so our duty is plain. Moreover it will be remembered that Windsor, N.S., is a Scott Act town, public sentiment is up-to-date, and we shall be surprised if the voice of the people does not demand the cessation of such antics as those which have disgraced the town recently.

WINDSOR, N.S., AGAIN.

The case of Frank Brothers, Salvation Army soldier at Windsor, N.S., and prisoner of the town, will, we are ever now, raise a query as to what kind of justice is administered at Windsor? Frank says he used formerly to live about the streets drunk and was never arrested, but now that he is respectable, citizens find himself both arrested and imprisoned, and that for doing what S. A. soldiers are doing in every considerable city throughout the Empire. Intelligent Windsor ratepayers will not relish looking the bill for this kind of work, which ordinary people will call persecution.

MORE ARMY, LESS CRIME.

READ THE STORY of H. L. Nokes, appearing in this issue, and you will see frequent results of the Army's work. Loyalty to Christ made Nokes choose arrest and imprisonment. Being made right in heart, he will have all his relationships with his fellow-men right. It is only recently that an escaped convict saved at Sentinelle, and almost immediately gave himself up to justice. These things in their very nature strike the attention, but they are merely illustrations of the working of the underlying principles which affect all who come under the influence of the Christ

Spirit which is in the Army. The good done is not confined to those only who become saved; the effect of Army teaching reaches much further than that. The Army is a moral suit amidst the surrounding corruption, and there are many illustrations of the fact that the moral atmosphere of whole neighborhoods is made permanently sweeter by the conscience-stirring operations of the Army. The Army makes distinctly for good citizenship, and lessens the work of the police. It is no wonder, therefore, that in very many instances police authorities endorse the Army, and are only too glad to see the crowds attending our operations in the streets.

"VITAL SPARK" is the nom de plume under which the editor-in-chief of our Australian periodical usually writes, and, remarked someone as they finished reading a contribution from his pen, "he is a vital spark." There is no question but that he is a smart, bright, cute, young fellow; moreover, he has the knack, as Colonel Kilbey, the Australian Chief Secretary, remarked in a recent personal letter, of putting his very best into his work and yet keeping HIMSELF out of sight.

We will leave readers of "POLL COTT" to verify the truth of what we say. The editor of the Canadian War Cry knows Mary Cott personally, and he will vouch for the truth of the amazing statements which appear in the thrilling narrative by Staff-Captain Stephens, now running in the Canadian War Cry under the title "Poll Cott."

COLONEL HOLLAND

Ties the Nuptial Knot for Sergt. Beal and Sister Maggie McHarg, of Galt.

"The Reformer" is it very unlikely, however, if a local event of this character has ever caused so much interest as the one solemnized in the Salvation Army barracks last evening. The ceremony which united two soldiers of the cross in the holy bonds of wedlock was witnessed by an assembly that filled the spacious tabernacle to overflowing. Never before has Galt been festal with a nuptial wedding, and its residents showed their appreciation of the honor paid to the town by attending and seeing for themselves how the soldiers of the cross conduct their matrimonial ventures.

If the soldiers were in gay and holiday attire, so were the barracks, as its walls were decorated with evergreens, while arches of the same material rose at intervals to the vaulted roof. From the ceiling to the walls hung festoons of variegated colors, in which the white and red predominated. The appearance was decidedly attractive, and if the pleasing and fairy-like surroundings under which the happy couple were wedded can have any influence on their future life, then they will assuredly enjoy happiness and prosperity. Possibly the spectacle that was the most striking was the platform itself. Here were grouped the members of Satan, in their characteristic garb.

The Ceremony.

Colonel Holland, Chief Secretary to Commandant Booth, was the officer chosen to tie the nuptial knot, and as he rose to his feet to commence the service a halcyon valley rent the air, accompanied by a fluttering cloud of handkerchiefs. Sergt. Beal and Miss Maggie McHarg, both of Brantford, then stepped forward, and the impressive marriage service was conducted.

The Banquet.

After the wedding ceremony, the Army members, and also a number of the audience, repaired to the banquet room, where a bountiful repast had been spread. During the evening the bridegroom was presented with an address and a handsome clock by the members of the local S. A. band.

Test your sanctification by the amount of forbearance you feel when abused.

Three Army Editors Speak.

An English Standpoint.

The adverse circumstances of Canada are more stimulating to the editor here than what are considered the favorable here. But we must all stick to our knees. God the Holy Ghost must be our inspirer. He must not be left out, or barrenness and death will attend even our enterprise.

his office, in
Helen M. Mearns

From a Personal Letter Written by Staff-Captain Millsaps, and Not Intended for Publication.

REMEMBER ME in your prayers, for we have many spiritual battles ahead of us, and the eternal destiny of souls, I believe, depends upon our labors; for the Lord's sake, and their sake we cannot afford to fail. We who deal with souls in masses, I fear, are accustomed to looking upon humanity in the lump, but oh! what an unspeakably fearful thing non-success on the part of Salvationists, or other workers, always means to individual souls. In other words, you and I are but two units in the great sea of humanity. If death should claim us, the world at large would not miss us, and care nothing because we were absent from the living, but to us it would be an exceedingly important matter. A soul swallowed up in the blackness of hell, and being but one of a countless host, might not even be noticed when it made its advent into hell, but oh! what a calamitous, horrible moment that would be to the newly-damned soul! Unita! Unita! Unita! Infinitely important, priceless units—fellow immortals, destined to weep forever or else to rejoice with joy unspeakable. No; we cannot afford to be careless about the salvation of a single soul. May God in His mercy cause us, and me—me—I must include myself by all means, to remember the exceeding sinfulness of sin and the exceeding weight of glory spoken of by the King. His exhortings. Truly extremes meet at the feet of Christ.

My sincere thanks
John Millsaps

No Prosy Platitudes.

This from the Australian Editor. How strikingly applicable to our Territory!

"In our editorial capacity we are prepared to go to any amount of trouble to correct orthographical and grammatical errors, and recast faulty composition, if in the process any trace can be found of dramatic episodes, telling conversations, or of truth in a new dress, but we must most emphatically decline against the frequent follies of prosy platitudes and sermonic stereotypes, which find a sure resting-place in the waste-paper basket."

Harry Stephens

Prayer is so excellent an act that God blesses it, even when He does not grant it.

A man's prayers, in so far as he prays sincerely, are governed by the nature and amplitude of his ideas concerning God. He cannot pray rightly who thinks of God wrongly. Prayers of such magnitude and magnificence as those of Paul are the native growth of magnificent conceptions of God's character and grace and adoring trust in His infinite love. A man whose God is little and mechanical, will pray a little pitched prayer.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH BRIGADIER SCOTT?
For answer see next week's War Cry.

IF POLL COTT does not take the cake for being the biggest S. A. trophy extant will some one advise us of the one who does?

Alive Man!
Who?
See War Cry frontispiece next week.

B. O. P. Thirtieth Anniversary Celebrations led by the Commandant.

W. O. P. PERSONALIA.

As soon as a meeting is over, the Commandant, like a thunder storm, is in for business, even though his physical strength will not permit him to sit up to execute it.

The Commandant is virtually General Booth No. 2, for work as well as for organization.

SERGEANT ARMSTRONG, the janitor of the London Citadel, was attacked by two young men the worse for drink, and thrown down the Citadel stairs during the London meetings, and his head badly cut from forehead to back, as well as across his face, and is now in the hospital in a most dangerous condition. Pray for him.

THE LASSIES' BRASS BAND of the W. O. P. were a leading attraction at the London congress. They took the eye and ear. The band has been given a month's furlough, and then All were pleased to see their old Provincial Secretary, in the person of COLONEL HOLLAND, drop in on Wednesday afternoon.

LEUT. HENRY, of Wallaceburg, and Pettit, of the L. B. B., were promoted to the rank of Captain.

ADMT. TAYLOR's throat has "caved in," which has necessitated his removal from Chatham. Adjt. Cass has succeeded him.

CAPT. RIDDLEGE, at Lenington, dashed into the H. F. effort with such pace as caused him to sprain his ankle. He succeeded in going 210.00 over his target all the same.

Some few officers changed stations at the big go, among whom were Captain and Mrs. Wieman to St. Thomas; Captain and Mrs. Wakefield, Strathroy; Captain and Mrs. Fisher, Galt; Captain Collett to Wingham; Captain Andrews to Listowel; Captain Rowe and wife to Norwell; Storey and Ogilvie to Watford.

ENSIGN DOWELL was dubbed "the Duke of Newfoundland," on account of his courageous efforts in the officers' campaign.

CAPTAIN LANZE, of Paris, Lieut. Hancock, of Berlin, and also Lieut. Hazy, of Essex, were detained from London Congress through sickness.

CAPTAIN RICHARDSON, of London, is the latest to receive the title of Ensign. Congratulations, Ensign.



She waits the assistance that your coats will afford in the Light Brigade Box.



BRIGADIER JACOBS.

MAJOR HOWELL has called in. It is something new to the G. S. to be interviewed for the War Cry. Altho' late, I beg to make an attempt.

—o—o—

"What about the prospects for the fall and winter, Major?"

"Very good. We are arranging a Musical Soul-Saving Troupe, whose business will be to go to each corps, stir up interest, get as many souls saved as possible."

—o—o—

"Will the corps get any financial help from the meetings?"

"Yes, the corps will get considerable help, that is if they make it such. My idea, after the spiritual part, is to do work that there is put into the hands of the corps something that will be attractive, draw the crowds, and save souls and help the corps."

—o—o—

"I understand exactly. If your brigade goes to a town and the people of that town are asleep, don't announce it well, put up the bills only a day before; and if the newspaper men are not up to-date, all-wise, nineteenth century gentlemen, and only a few people come to the demonstration, the blame is on the town, not yours."

—o—o—

"Who is going to be in charge, Major?"

"I expect to be myself, most of the time. When I am not there Adjutant Ayre will take the lead."

—o—o—

"Is there any prospect of any new openings?"

"Yes. Up north we expect to open two or three right away, and one probably nearer the centre. The latest openings are doing well, and there is every prospect of a good work ahead."

—o—o—

"How about Hamilton; what has been done?"

"A lot has been purchased on the corner of Rebecca and Hughson streets, which is a splendid site, in the centre of the city. The decks are now cleared for action."

—o—o—

"I presume you will be making some special plans for raising money for the new building?"

"Yes, we need to work on our old plan of getting everybody interested, and collect our guarantee before the building starts."

—o—o—

"Very good, Major, but I hope you and they will hurry up and do it quickly, as the Commandant and the Property Board are anxious to do their part and have the building put up at the earliest possible date."

—o—o—

"How is the soul-saving work?"

"I have just received word from several places, which are very good. Among them are the following: Barrie, seven; Brimleyhurst, one; Hamilton, H. four; Newmarket, two. Quite a few getting converted."

—o—o—

"How are the two new Toronto districts?"

"Just the thing. There is someone always on the bridge. There will be a little competition between English flyers and English Lancers. Both are energetic, and will not leave a stone unturned to make their districts a success."

OH, THAT MAN! ★ ★
Of the Maritime Province
of Canada. . .

See Next Week's Cry.

Misbelief breeds misdoing.

Unhumble knowledge is folly.

Christ's cross branched out into our corners.

Much Bible without prayer leaves the soul unprofit and dry.

W. O. P. Celebrations

— OF THE —

Thirteenth Anniversary.

The Greatest "Go" in W.O.P. The "Fire and Fury" Reception to Commandant—Monster Crowds—Citadel and Tent Bells Over-crowded Sunday Night—Striking Open-Airs and Demonstrations—Much Salvo Music and Merriment—Tip-Top All-Night—Many Souls Seek Salvation, Cleansing and Power.

LONDON'S "GO" is over. It was well announced, for had not huge posters been placarded and dodgers been distributed, in no small quantity? While streamers across street showed the cruise of the Desperados, with advertising house-on-fire and leather lungs, and dreadful drum, paraded the streets for days to make known the fact that London was to get a wakening up.

The London go was a surprise to SOME Salvationists, as well as many outside friends. In a city where not long since, try how you would, or denigrate how you could, you couldn't get a full house, a building is now over-crowded, an overflow is not only anticipated and realised, but the extra accommodation provided fails to furnish sufficient room in which the cruise of human beings desire to congregate.

But the spirit and enthusiasm of the

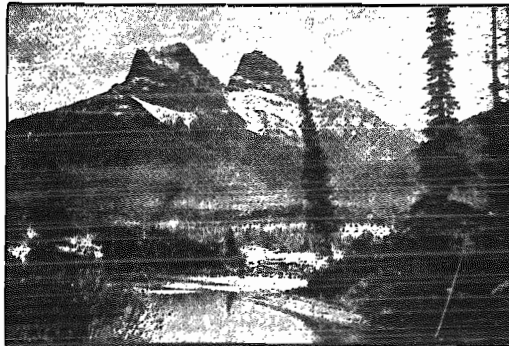
field, and many, many blessed and empowered to do its whole will.

The Commandant is not only a born leader, and powerful prophet of the living God, but is a brave fighter. Though sick in body, like a Briton he fought, stood to his position, shouldered his gun, and fired straightly, surely, steadily, and effectively at the bull's eye of men's hearts and consciences every time. Nor would he "let up" till the 4:30 a.m. train bore him away to Toronto direct from a real red-hot—may, white-heated—half night of prayer, only to resume another such innings in the E. O. P.

SATURDAY NIGHT — Royal Reception—Torch Lights—Red Fires—Brass Bands.

FOR MANY WEEKS Brigadier Margerets and his little staff had been planning and scheming to make the W. O. P. Anniversary a grand success. Anxious care, thought, and prayer had been given to all the details of this campaign, and thank God for it all, we were not disappointed.

SATURDAY NIGHT was the opening of the campaign, and it was led by Brigadier Margerets, assisted by the



THE THREE BROTHERS, Pacific Province.

district officers. At 9:45 a.m. we formed in procession and marched to the depot to welcome the Commandant. Soon we were on the Market Square, where the rank and file, and a great crowd of sympathizers gave the Commandant a royal reception. The Commandant spoke for a few minutes, asking us to untie the knot in our hearts, and to make this campaign the best in our history. How pleased we were to see the Commandant amongst us again; his presence is always an inspiration, and our hearts went up to God that his visit might be crowned with blessing and success.

ADJUTANT TURNER.

SUNDAY In the Citadel—Joy Reigns—Crowds Overflow into the Tent.

GOD MET WITH US in the morning in the Citadel. We left feeling the Commandant's remarks had been very beneficial.

Sunday Afternoon. — The Lassies' Brass Band and Desperado Brigade took a very prominent part in the open-air demonstration. Some liberal donations were given before the Army proceeded to the Citadel, where the Commandant, although feeling under the weather, gave an able address, which saint and sinner both received much benefit from.

On Sunday night a great crowd filled the Citadel, a number having to retire to the tent, where a meeting was in swing for the overflow, conducted by the Desperado Brigade.

There the devil lost one of his followers and joy reigned in Israel. The Commandant spoke convincingly on the advisability of going forward. He was followed by Major Strepton, who gave some illustrations of the destruction to those who sat still.

Other speakers touched upon the same subject, a number giving themselves up to fight for God or die.

MONDAY—Councils—Monster Ring in the Market—Notables Testify—Souls in the Assembly Hall.

SHORTLY AFTER 2 P.M. the officers of W. O. P. met together in the week-night meeting hall for council. When the Commandant arrived on the scene he was greeted with a hearty volley of welcome. We were oh, so glad to meet our leader again! After song and prayer the Commandant occupied our attention and greatly interested us with facts and figures. Our hearts were cheered and we praised God with loud voice that in spite of mountains of difficulty still we are going upwards.

At 7 P.M. a goodly number met at the Citadel to testify in the open-air proceedings. The procession, headed by the Lassies' Brass Band, followed up by the Lassies, then London brass band and the Lads, proceeded through the principal streets till we arrived at the Market Square, where a monster ring was formed and an open-air meeting held, led by Brigadier Margerets. The L. B. B. sang, Ensign Virgins sang, several notables testified, and with torch collection it was a lively time, and crowds flocked around, to whom we were only too pleased to make known the joys of His salvation. The march back was an arduous, advertised the meeting in the Citadel.

As we returned from the open-air, and I saw the Commandant, so worn and weary, looking upon us from the Provincial Headquarters office window, I prayed again that the Lord would strengthen him and endue him with power from on high, and the Lord did wonderfully uphold. After the first song and prayers the Commandant, with Bible in hand, stood forth. To the precious souls that filled the assembly hall he poured forth such straight, hard-hitting, unguishable truths that everyone could not but feel their true relationship toward God. When the Commandant finished, a number of comrades spoke of their knowledge of the power of God. Then into the prayer-meeting we went in faith.

One brother rushed out to the penitential form sorrowing over sin. Soon a little lassie came along, and then another brother, making three.

A. S. H.

TUESDAY—"Webster Fails to Supply Words"—Heaven in London—Bolling Pitch.

THE COMMANDANT was unable to be with us for the morning session, owing to his weak condition, and Brigadier Margerets found that he had a long and arduous session of a talk with his officers altogether.

Preliminaries over, we had a solo, "The Army's marching on." There was no uncertain sound about the wings of that chorus.

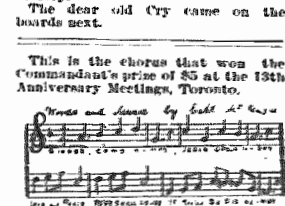
The Brigadier, with shining countenance and a happy glow-to-the-face, wore the people sort of twinkle in his eye, took hold, and after sundry smiles and a few repetitions of "Hail to the King," acquainted us of the fact that the W. O. P. had not only hit our H. F. target, but hit it away behind.

Comments were plentiful, and everybody rejoiced in everybody else's victory.

The dear old Cry came on the boards next.

This is the chorus that won the Commandant's prize of \$5 at the 13th Anniversary Meetings, Toronto.

Written and Scored by Edith A. Jones



PETERBORO "CRY" SELLERS.

What shall we say of the afternoon sitting? Webster fails to supply a word that comes near describing it. It was one of those beautiful, soul-inspiring gatherings that can never be described. The Commandant, weak but willing, took charge. From him new things drifted into an intensely spiritual atmosphere, and how that meeting could be surpassed for warmth, love, and unity of spirit would be hard to tell. Who, I wonder, can ever forget the loving, earnest, soul-stirring counsel that fell from the lips of our beloved leader?

The open-air bombardment at night was well arranged, and it seemed that whatever corner you were round there was an open-air in progress at boiling pitch. Inside, a beautiful crowd. Burning truth and shouts of victory.

The Commandant's address was like all his addresses, a red-hot, straight-to-the-point, beautifully worked out appeal to the hearts and consciences of the crowd. What a beautiful sight was that sea of upturned faces? Testimony was followed by a burning appeal from Mrs. Margaret, who seemed to literally pour out her soul. Soon the cry arose, "The first has come!" as a young man flings himself at the feet of Jesus, and he was not the only one.

J. B.

WEDNESDAY - The Last of the Feast - A Glorious Christmas - All Night of Prayer - Thirty Rise for the Blessing.

THE J. S. WALK occupied the forenoon's council. The discussion of the subject by the officers and the fresh proposals of the Commandant for the advance of this branch of the work was highly interesting.

THE AFTERNOON was devoted to the spiritual welfare of the officers. God came wonderfully near, and helped the Commandant to deliver a masterly address. We saw our weak points and found ourselves on the same as a result of this council. Our worthy Chief Secretary, Colonel Holland was present at this meeting and spoke with power and profit to all. Immediately after the close of the council, the Commandant and Staff met in Adjutant Turner's quarters for supper. Our leader's talk on the possibilities of an officer was gulped down by us all, and was as reliable as the nice tea which Mrs. Turner had prepared.

We met at 7 p.m. for a "specialty" march. First three mounted B. O's, in red and white, led the way, a host of color-sergeants bearing their colors followed, the rank and file, the drum majorettes, the social legion, rescue outfit, in a life-line, the J. S. warriors, the men in red and their special maneuvering, and the war chariot, the whole illuminated by beautiful colored lights. Crowds lined Dundas and Richmond streets.

The Commandant's anniversary address was full of encouraging information, and clearly showed that Cannon had made this an interesting and advancing. The band's drill meetings. First, the Ladies' Band, then Chatham, with their neat, soldier-like appearance, nicely polished instruments, and sweet music, while Woodstock, which has stood the brunt of the battle for years, also favored us with a selection.

The Commandant was on hand to lead the "ALL NIGHT OF PRAYER." From the very first God came wonderfully near. After some hearty singing the meeting was thrown open for testimonies from those possessing a clean heart as to how they obtained it. Then the Commandant read. For over an hour and a half straight holiness was dealt out. About thirty rose to their feet to claim the blessing, every one in a building, then rising and re-consecrating themselves afresh. Then the glory came. Major Streeter sang a solo; a brigade of Newfoundland officers sang a chorus, and amid shouts of victory the meeting was closed, our leader hurrying us off to catch the 4 a.m. train for Toronto.

"MAC"



Sgt. S. Dawson. Sgt. M. Woods. Sgt. Major Blackstock. Capt. Kendall. Sgt. L. Bowman.

WAR CRY boomers preach Christ in places and in a fashion where none else go. God bless them.

A Deserter Tells His Tale.

A RUNAWAY U. S. ARMY MAN, WHO SURRENDERED AFTER GETTING BAVED IN THE U. S.

Written Behind the Bars.

FORT MISSOULA, MONT.

I left my home when I was at the age of seven. I was like a great many other boys: as soon as they think they know wrong from right they think they know more from right than they think they know more from their fathers.

Being able to

Walk the Slack Wire

at that early age, it was my greatest desire to become a showman. When I was living at Lamar, Missoula, Sells Brothers' circus came through, and I ran from home, intending to go with them, but my father caught me before it was too late. Then we moved to Texas. It was there I left home and went to San Antonio, in the same State. From that place I started out on the road the devil had intended for me.

I went on the variety stage as a slack rope walker. I worked there for \$20 per week. I left there and went with a New York traveling menagerie, and I stayed with them until we got to Burlington, Iowa. It was there I first went with

A Ring Show,

or in other words a circus. Our accommodations were so limited that some of us were compelled to steal our own beds. In every town we stopped at we would go out and steal all the lap robes we could find, and sell at the next town what we did not need for ourselves. It was only a joke, as we thought, to rob a man who was half drunk. We stayed out three weeks and broke up, and then I got tired of show life and went farming. I soon got tired of that. It was too honest a living, so I went to St. Paul.

While there I thought I would go back to the show life again, so I got

an engagement with the Belle Gilbert Dramatic Company. I went on the stage again and travelled with her for two seasons, and then I drifted back to St. Paul.

I happened to see the Stars and Stripes, and that soldiers were wanted for the U. S. Army. I enlisted, and was sent to Fort Assiniboine, Montana.

While there I got in with a bad lot, and got to drinking pretty hard. Two of my comrades and I got a twenty-four hours' pass for the purpose of going to hunt. We went hunting all right, but we soon tired of hunting game and went to hunting whiskey. The next morning I awoke in the foot hills, and I started back to the Post as I thought, but instead of getting into the Post I got on the Canadian side. I was afraid to return, so I thought I would join the Northwest Mounted Police Force.

Mounted Police Force.

It was here my troubles began. I was a member of the police force for three years, and out of that three years I did two years and six months in jail. It was all through whiskey and sin. I wanted to be tough, but now I can see where I was wrong.

I was discharged as a bad character, and came back to Great Falls. I went to work again on the stage in the Fort Theatre. I worked two weeks, and went to Sand Coulee and gave a show. Then I went into the coal mines to work, but as I was not ready to die I quit that, for they used to carry out from one to five men a week, sometimes more. They have carried out TEN MEN IN A DAY, so I went back to the stage once more. From there I went to Kalamazoo, Spokane, Missoula, Helena and Butte City. I worked in all these places, and was known as "KID LEON."

It was in Butte City I was saved, and I am still saved. Glory to God: BEING A DESERTER, I gave myself up. I do not know what they are going to give me, but one thing I do know, Christ is with me. I am as happy as a child of a King can be.

H. L. NORTS.

Let me tell the fellow that used to have his face blackened up.

East Ontario Pn.

BLOOMFIELD. - We'll bring the women right to the front, and make the cowards and the doubters shut up. So we do. Big H. F. meeting sat. Capt. Walker with us, and Lieut. Norman. Special music and singing, organ, guitar and cornet duets, and solos. Blessed time. Target struck. Lieut. McManey.

The Salvation Army Band.

MONCTON. - Lieut. McIntyre met us at the station. A tent meeting had been announced, so the brethren worked like beavers to get it up. A platform built, etc. Good meeting. Capt. and Mrs. Pugh sang as a duet, accompanied by Mrs. Pugh's guitar and Captain's concertina. Thursday night a Social meeting, led by Capt. and Mrs. Pugh. The string band gave us sweet music. Mrs. Pugh spoke of the Bazaar work. Capt. Lorimer received orders to leave us and go to Elfrate to hold on. Friday afternoon War Cry sellers. We went down to the car works with eighty-five War Cry and very soon disposed of the lot. It is a pleasure to sell War Cry in this way. At night a splendid open-air, and fair crowd inside. Lieut. Pierce led the testimony and sang a solo. Mrs. Pugh read.

Saturday reinforced by Ensign Coombs, with his violin. Counter attractions in the open-air, among them being a German band, but the Army got the crowd, and kept it, too. Inside a big crowd. Ensign Coombs called for the testimony of two married men, duly given; then followed two married women, then two single brothers, but when he called for two unmarried sisters only one stood up. What a lot of married folk there must be there! Ensign Coombs gave an earnest appeal.

Sunday beautiful knee-drill. At 10 o'clock meeting a nice crowd. Lieut. Pierce sang "Salvation, I know Thou lovest me," and Mrs. Pugh read the aged brother yielded himself to the Master. Afternoon, large open-air and good collection. Ensign Coombs sang "Top-top testimony." The brother said that his heart used to be a cesspool, another that his heart had been filled with gas. Then a Methodist brother in the audience declared that we all needed lots of dynamite. Ensign Coombs sang "Joy, joy, joy." The brother said that his experience was "Jaw, jaw, jaw," but he was thankful that the Lord could give them a new one - that of joy. Lieut. Pierce sang "Heaven's Jubilee" very sweetly. Also a solo from Captain Prince, who is at home resting. At night we admitted no children, yet the tent was full. One sister professed salvation.

Monday night was the H. F. sale, so all that day saleable articles were carried into the tent, until there was outside a display. I notice you, a jeweller kindly gave us a nice silver mug. We had a wonderful march: course straw hats, rakes, pitch forks, bundles of grain, and lampenets together with a big crowd. Our open-air was immense. They came to the barracks, too. Ensign Coombs sang "Salvation, Hooray," whereat we all waved our hats. Two sisters fell at Jesus' feet. When they rose to their feet the husband of one walked up and stood beside her. When the converts had spoken he called his testimony and expressed his gratitude. With joyful hearts we went on with the sale. The people began well. Monday evening the crowd went away, so this ends the special correspondence of "MAX."

BOZEMAN, MONTANA. - It's just one month since the S. A. invaded this town. Some have taken their stand for Christ. The people here are a beautiful, God-fearing people, and they are people that will benefit their town. The ministers of the different churches have greatly assisted in the meetings, as have also their people. We believe there will be a band of people that will stand for Christ to the end of time. Amen.

"210 + WORK"

"THE LIFE AND GLORY BOYS," H. M. S. Magicienne.



Cmd. John Maxham.

Bro. Jim
Bro. Collins.

Cmd. Cole.

MORE JOLLY JACK TARS.

Our "Life and Glory Boys."

H. M. S. "MAGICIENNE."

Drops Anchor at "The Lighthouse," Montreal.

Beautiful times here, especially now we have the hallelujah Jack Tars with us from H. M. S. MAGICIENNE, which is lying alongside the dock here. FOUR GOOD, GOOLY BLUE JACKETS they are. They stormed the Lighthouse on Saturday night.

Just picture four hallelujah sailor boys out on the water for a time, and having to bottle up their glorious satisfaction, and then just think of them stepping ashore and drawing the cork.

I tell you, comrades, it more than bubbled up, singing, praying, or shouting. They all are good singers. The Lighthouse they have made their headquarters.

The sailor boys will be with us for two weeks. The "WILLIAM BOOTH" steers into port here (D.V.). The Jolly Jack Tars will be with us to receive them. Two of our sailor boys are candidates for the work, one for Canada and the other for Jamaica.

THE LIGHTHOUSE is still shining bright to steer poor human wrecks in to the hallelujah dry-dock, where they can get overhauled, repaired and launched once more out into the full ocean of God's love. Oh, it's beautiful to see a total wreck steer in and sail out again, with all its rigging set. LEWIS FLETCHER.

"ACCEPT A NEW FLAG,"

Said Montreal to the Cruiser "William."

THE CREW OF THE "WILLIAM" AT MONTREAL.

Not a moment was lost. Just as the celebrated steam yacht "William Booth" was fastened up, Commodore McMillan formed into line, with the midshipmen from Montreal I and II, who had given the Naval Brigade a rousing welcome, and headed by the vis-

iting brass band, they marched to the nearest street car, which took as many as wished out to Point St. Charles.

Commencing with a good will, the MARINES WORKED ENERGETICALLY all the time they remained with us. Marches and meetings were splendid in every detail. On Sunday the Temple brass band turned out to do a shunt, although some of the boys were out of the city. Crowds attended every meeting, and God blessed every effort, so none need wonder at the successful issue.

Through some unavoidable circumstance they were delayed in their departure, so it was well nigh absurd that one more opportunity to hear the Salvation Marines was extended Montreals, and they turned out in fine style, for the barracks was nicely filled.

The boys were in good trim, and as they BOUNCED ENSIGN MEAMOND he realized it.

Music, and song, and brief testimonies, and a splendid life history, by "Sammy, THE BAD BOY FROM THE WEST," with a hallelujah Bible reading, brought the four days' campaign to a close.

An token of love, the friends presented the crew of the S. A. Cruiser with a new flag, for which they obtained the best thanks of all on board.

The leaves men follow, but the cup of Christ's agony they leave.

SEE & SALVATION

The Gambler's Dupe.

MONTREAL, SHELTER. — ONE YOUNG FELLOW, well dressed and looking very respectable, came into our meeting, this day being his first day in town. The following is his testimony: Two weeks ago my father died in Valleyfield, leaving me four hundred dollars.

I from there went to Cotan Landing, where the notion of losing out my money. I met a friend—as I thought—who enticed me into a gambling house.

He asked me if I ever played cards. "I told him 'No.'"

"Oh," he said, "you will soon learn."

Fool I Was!

I started to play, and after a while I lost 25¢, then 50¢, then \$1, and so on up to \$10.

I was just beginning to see how the game was played, and thinking I should like to win back what I had lost, I started to play for \$10 a time.

Not a cent came back, but my four hundred dollars dribbled down to five dollars.

Oh, how bad I felt! I left the place and bought a ticket to Ottawa, but I got off at Lancaster and took train to Montreal. Landing on Saturday noon, I have been wandering around all the afternoon and wondering where I should put up at night.

I somehow or other wandered on to Common street, and there

The Singing Attracted

me. I stood looking in the doorway, till the Lieutenant invited me in. In I went, just as the Captain was speaking of the Prodigal Son, and how he spent all his money. This seemed to break me right up. I always did have a desire to do what was right. So when the invitation was given up I went to the pentecost form. Although I knew nothing about your religion, having been raised a Catholic, yet I believe God has saved me, and I mean to try the Salvation Army road, for I have had enough of my own.

With this our friend asked us to pray for him. Sunday all day he was at his post, testified three times. Monday morning he called in with his Bible under his arm to see us. Last night, Tuesday, he called in to tell us he had got work, and was going to keep true to God. Thank God for the cleansing blood.



Have you an evil temper? Oh, how many are kept out of the Church today by the unlovely tempers of those within! "Temper is made up of jealousy, anger, pride, uncharity, cruelty, self-righteousness, touchiness, doggedness, sultriness," and I should like to add revenge and murder. Now, this temper is not the work of God. No; then it must be of the devil.

Re-Told

AND WORTH IT.

Fruit.

There was a man wounded who lay all Sunday night in a tent held by the rebels, on the ground, in the mud, uncare for. During the long and terrible night, amid the rain and roar of artillery, there came vividly back to him the text and all the argument of a sermon he had heard twenty years before. The Holy Spirit sent home the impression of that night; and the seed, twenty years buried, sprang up, and brought forth fruit in his conversion. He lived six weeks to give testimony to God's goodness.

One Man Out.

Only one man paraded, and he attracted more attention than the "Industrial Army" would have done. It rained a little, but the brave soldier of salvation plodded through the mud. With one hand he held a cornet to his mouth, and with the other he bent a bass drum, which was strapped to his person. The drum was heavy, but with the weight of his shoulders he held his head aloft and these religious inspirations through the corner. His good right hand swung the drum stick, and the man went down the street as proud as a king on coronation day. "He kept step perfectly," said a military man in describing the performance. The right wheel made at the post-office by the one man procession was a fine one. Two hacks and a horse stopped to let him pass! The music was just as good as the Army in its best days ever made. The best of discipline characterized the parade, and it was followed by a crowd bigger than the procession itself. — The "Sun."

"Lova Now!"

"I was a badn man," said the Italian, "w'en I was a younga man. I had a ver' badn temper. When I get twenty-one years I wanta getta marry; be gooda. I see a girl, but I no lova her. I marry her. I think love afterward. But no lova. I run 'way after three monts. I tried to lova, but I couldn't. I ran 'way and worked in a tailor shop. I go to Italy. One day do boss say lady wid baby ask you to get out; seea my wife. I say, 'Whose baby that?' She say, 'your baby.' I go back here wid her, but run away again soon. I got three children now, but I always run 'way. Poor woman, she was kind. He told in detail how he had run away from his wife twelve times. "One time I say to her, 'We go Chicago. She go to ferry; I go to Baltimore.' And the convert laughed at he thought of his wife's discomfiture. "But I tota my wife now. When de Salvation Army come my boy go, my wife, too. I klicka de boy, but bimbe go meelf. I'm a Christian now. W'en we pray I pray to lova my wife." — Tribune.

Thus It Is.

A tiny acorn fell upon a great rock. "Please hide me from the cold," whispered the acorn. The rock allowed him to sit by the crack in the crevice, where he was sheltered from the winter's storm, and was quite forgotten. When the spring came the little acorn awakened and sprouted, and soon began to grow. The rock complained, but could not cast the acorn out. Years passed, and the tiny sprout grew into a great tree, and the huge rock was rent asunder and buried down the mountain and dashed to pieces. Thus it is with a LITTLE SIN.

The Turkish Ambassador in London is reported to have shed tears when personally told by Lord Salisbury that he would be played with no longer over Armenia. There must be a tender side to the Turk after all. This a pity, however, these precious crystals were not spent over the destitute homes and broken bodies of the martyred Christians.

Who learns and learns, and acts not what he knows, is one who plunges and plunges, but never swims.



CITY OF MONTREAL.

'THE REAPER.'



There is a Reaper whose name
is Death,
And with his sickle keen
He reaps the bearded grain
With a breath,
And the flowers that grow
between.

NEW GLASGOW. — We first saw Winnie a SAD-EYED BABE in one of our Homes, where she found the love and care many sick and helpless innocents, as she was, fail to find elsewhere.



WINNIE.

Next we recall the day when they took her from the arms of one of our devoted Rescue Officers, bringing her to take the place open for her in the heart and home of our comrades, Brother and Sister Crane, who, while she was with them, did for her all that affection and care could do.

They learned to love her dearly, for she grew so winsome and bright, more and more cherished as the days went by, making the home pleasant with merry prattle and childish play.

She was two years old when she came to them, for fifteen months they had her to love and care for.

Then she was very suddenly taken ill with that dread disease, scarlet fever, in its worst form.

In a very few days her childish prattle was hushed, and her little form lay still in death.

Our comrades miss her so much, their home seems strangely quiet and lonely now, but then concerning such as Winnie has it not been said, "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven." The bud has been transplanted from earth to bloom in paradise.

CAPTAIN MACPHERSON.

BRO. WILLIAM CRAIG,

Born in the Orkney Islands.

PRINCE ALBERT. — "Now the chains of sin are broken, I am free." This was our brother's last testimony, on September 4th, when he took his stand as a soldier of Jesus on the platform here.

He was called to dwell with the redeemed September 8.

BROTHER CRAIG was born in

The Island of Eaglesay,

in the Orkney Islands, in the year 1831.

As a boy he had a longing to become a Jack tar. At thirteen he bid farewell to his home to live on the ocean wave a life which he followed for nearly fifty years.

Having sailed to almost every seaport in Africa, and almost every place where a ship would take him, he at last landed in Prince Albert in 1883, where he engaged to work on the boats on the Great Saskatchewan River. He was one of the hands of the steamer "Lily," which sank on the south Saskatchewan in 1885. He returned to Montreal on a visit to his wife and part of his family, who live there. He once again returned to Prince Albert, where he was employed by the H. B. Company as night-watchman over their great mill, and by Messrs. Moore & Macdonald, the great lumber merchants here, in the summer months. This duty he performed up till within three days of the time

when he was called away by his Maker.

He proved himself a true follower of Jesus Christ, often walking three miles to meeting.

He leaves a son here and a daughter in Australia.

J. F. MCKENZIE.

EDITH AND ETHEL,

The Treasurer's Baby-Girls. Treasures in Heaven.

PETERBORO. — We are indeed sorry to report the death of the two dear little babes of Treasurer and Mrs. Butcher, but we feel sure that our God, Who is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind, has done it all for the best. We especially pray that in these hours of affliction He will comfort and bless them, and that it will only be the means of drawing them nearer to the blessed Saviour Whom they love and serve. God bless them.

SERGEANT MAY LANG.

OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM

PRINCE ARTHUR. — Brother and Sister Granger said farewell to little Alfred Gibson, their youngest son, aged 14 months, who one year ago was dedicated to God and the Army by Major Read. The funeral took place on Tuesday. An impressive service was held in the barracks by Captain Gooding and Lieutenant Dwyer, assisted by the Rev. W. A. Cook, Methodist minister of this place. At the grave side we pledged ourselves to God afresh.

J. MCKENZIE.

BLOCKVILLE. — MY DEAR FATHER was called to the eternal home of rest on August 18th. I got to his bedside just a few hours before he died. Though unable to speak, he recognized my voice, and I believe he was trusting the power of the blood of Jesus to save him. After fifty years married life he rests from his labors at the age of 70 years. Mother and all the children (nine) attend his funeral.

"For we know (thank God we know) that if our earthly home of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

F. J. MASON.

TWO SABBATH DAYS IN GAIT,

1853-1895.

FORTY-TWO YEARS AGO, on my arrival from Scotland, I spent a Sunday in the town of Gait. After that long interval I spent another — but how unlike the difference. I do not mean merely the advance the town has made in material progress, but, and especially, the difference in the religious world THEN and NOW.

THEN one service was held in the only Presbyterian church of the place, a plain, barn-like building, the sermon two hours in length, the preacher a noted divine in his day, the Rev. Dr. Bayne. Fancy people of to-day sitting for three hours at one service and listening for two hours to a sermon on Calvinistic divinity!

NOW, let me try in a few words to describe my recent experience. I was awakened early by the chiming through the chambers of my soul of a chorus of the Christian Alliance.

"Glory, hallelujah! Glory to His name,
Glory to the name of Jesus."

At seven o'clock I was off on the glad wings of anticipation to knee-drill at the S. A. barracks, where a real blood and fire meeting was held. There was power, and action, and blessed liberty, both in singing, prayer, and testimony. A blessed holiness meeting was held, which "made Heaven nearer, and Christ dearer, than yesterday to me," which came up to the standard set by Dr. Thomas Chambers of a successful meeting, viz., to "send the people home wishing it had been longer." The open-air in the afternoon in the park was memorable, and the evening service no less so, but the contrast between 1853 and 1895 was beyond words striking. May the S. A. occupy till Jesus comes.

AUXILIARY.

Much prayer without Bible makes it dreamy and vague.

TRADE DEPARTMENT!

General Trade Rules:

- I.—Write your name and address distinct and in full.
- II.—Give full particulars about goods desired; the instance, Caps, state size or Bonnets, state size and quality, etc.
- III.—Send cash with all orders, and postage if value of order is less than one dollar.
- IV.—We Order and Quebec are pay postage and expressage on all orders over one dollar, except single Caps and Untrimmed Bonnets.
- V.—We do not pay expressage on Tailoring goods, made up or cut from piece.
- VI.—All Tailoring orders should be accompanied by cash in full or part of order, the balance in the later instance will be collected C. O. D., unless sent to be made up or ready to ship.
- VII.—Make all post office orders or cheques payable to Herbert H. Booth.
- VIII.—Prices may vary in the Eastern and Western Provinces, owing to distance.

STATIONARY BAND TUTOR

For Officers and Soldiers.

Perfection Instruments.

THE SALVATIONIST'S WRITING TABLETS.—Cheap Letter Paper, large size, with design and motto, ruled paper, 50 sheets and blotter. 15c

Cheap Note Paper Pads, ruled, with designed motto, 100 sheets and blotter. 20c

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He will save.

He will save.

He will save.

He will save.

He will save.

He will save.

He will save.

He will save.

He will save.

He will save.

He will save.

He will save.

He will save.

He will save.

He will save.

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He will save.



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soul.

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Poll Cott :

A TALE OF A TERNACANT.

STAFF-CAPTAIN STEPHENS.

II.—Enforced Emigration.

Poll grew impatient of her mother's authority and began to disregard it altogether. She was guilty of many little acts of disobedience, which, of course, led her further astray and caused intense grief to the parent who was so wrapped up in her. She went like all wayward, headstrong children—from bad to worse—and getting her name inscribed on the bad books of the neighbors, came to be looked upon as a real scapegoat.

Poll had picked up with a number of girls of careless, reckless habits, and she and her associates became a source of annoyance and anxiety to Mrs. Maguire, who, in spite of occasional flagellations by which she endeavored to hold the girl in check, was fast losing all control of her daughter.

"Poll Maguire, hist! here's yer mither coming petting aftir ye like the cat with a stick as thick as Father Peter's own!" Thus the giggling crowd of colleens would acquaint Poll of Mrs. Maguire in search of

Her Recreant Daughter.

"'Ave ye seen my Mary this way?' the distracted woman would ask, as she cast a suspicious glance at her daughter's questionable associates. 'I sht her out this morning for a pinch o' tay an' a morsel of cheese, and not a sight h'd I seen of her since.'"

Poll's companions, ever on the alert to do a joke upon the poor mother, would reply—

"'Eb, the fagot! the graceless wench!' while Poll chuckled safely from an adjoining hedge. 'To threat her mither the like. Sure we seed her over at Pat Murphy's the whole agone helpin' to wake his grandmither. I sht her out this morning for a pinch o' tay an' a morsel of cheese, and not a sight h'd I seen of her since.'"

"'Over at Pat Murphy's? An' ye're sure it was my Poll ye saw?'"

"'Aye, it was Poll roight enough, wid a brown skirt an' a red shawl.'"

"'Yes shure, me own red shawl, and me, a dacent woman, racin' iver where for her wild nothin' to kiver me but the skirt of me old gown.'"

"'Well, ye'll find her at Pat's, Mrs. Maguire. She's awfu!'"

Busy Wid the Whuskey

an the company over yinder."

Poll's mother, beset with many a doubt, would look askance at her informants, and subject them to a pretty careful cross-examination, with they invariably went through with stolid indifference; and finally coming to a belief that her daughter's habits would lead her to seek the company of those who usually gather at an Irish wake, she would set out on the delinquent. Pat's cabin being a couple of miles away, over a rough and boggy road, an hour or two would elapse before the poor, travel-stained woman could reach home after the wild-goose chase on which she had been sent by her daughter's heartless friends.

In the meantime Poll would emerge from her hiding-place, while her companions, considering the whole affair a joke, would

Scream With Laughter

as soon as the poor mother was out of earshot.

"'Aye, but she's in a mighty rare wid ye. Shu'll be tellin' the priest of ye, sure as ye made ye Poll Maguire.'"

"'Well, it's God-might to ye, mither darlints, for it's in bed I'll be dreamin' an' snorin' when me mither comes home,' and away the heedless girl would go towards her mother's cabin, her bare feet scolding scarcely to touch the ground over which she sped.

Mixing as Mary did with the most graceless women of the place—women grown old in such "divilment" as she, in spite of her madcap ways and love of fun and mischief, had never dreamt of—she often set her mother at utter defiance, and would go galivanting about at all hours with her loose companions.

But at length she was brought to an abrupt standstill. Having fallen in company with a woman older than herself who was breaking the laws of the country, Poll was carried to the lock-up and charged with an offense which brought her under the penal code.

Poor Mrs. Maguire! Her hunt for her "darlint" ended at last

At the Prison Door.

What her grief was like we will not attempt to describe. A woman of decent family, and herself held in respect by all who knew her, the sense of disgrace which she experienced must have been very keen indeed. Sorrow followed sorrow, for with the disgrace came the wrench of separation—a wrench which the widow's anguish felt as one of the worst drops in her bitter cup. The poignancy of Mrs. Maguire's grief knew no bounds, for the love she bore her wayward child was passionate in the extreme.

A short delay—a time of miserable suspense to the distressed mother—and the day fixed for the girl's trial came round. Poll was found guilty of the offense with which she was charged, and sentenced to transportation—a sentence English judges had a particular fondness for pronouncing in the days of which this sketch speaks.

She had to leave the land of her forefathers for the land beyond the blue and expansive ocean, truly in those early days lucky was an unexplored country whence no traveller was likely to return.

The embarkation was a heart-rending scene. Soldiers and warders, armed in readiness for any attempts at escape or rescue, guarded the pitiable-looking convicts as they passed down to the ship gyved and manacled like wild beasts. It was sad to reflect that these men and women, who

Had Human Instincts,

and many of whom had once had hopes and aspirations similar to ourselves, were doomed to a life of exile on a distant, almost unknown, strand. There many of them would live as exiles from the loved land of their birth, with the crown of a sorrow's sorrow—that of remembering happier things and broken lives. Among Poll's convict companions were many older men and women, who, in spite of scowling, sullen countenances, broke down on stepping from their native shore to the vessel that was to be their home and prison for one hundred or more dreary days. Wringing their manacled hands they would cry in the intensity of their sorrow, "Ould Ireland, dear ould Ireland!"

Along the shore and on the old wooden pier were crowds of relatives and friends—fathers, mothers, and children of the prisoners—stricken with grief, wringing their hands and bewailing the fate of those who by force of the law were being torn cruelly from them and rudely hauled along the plank which led to the transport ship.

At last there stepped upon that fateful plank the slight figure of a girl in her mother's dress, a green convict garb, with the broad arched conspicuous upon it, with her black, curly hair cut short, and wearing the regulation cap, it would have been difficult for anyone to recognize in that thin, strange figure Poll Maguire.

It needed, however, no effort on Mrs. Maguire's part to recognize her daughter, disguised and disfigured by harsh penal regulations. From a group of sympathetic friends they rushed a woman, prematurely old and grey, shrieking her daughter's name in accents which pierced the hardest heart.

Ignoring the poor creature, the girl waved her arms in affectionate jollity at some of her old companions in the crowd, and in sheer bravado danced a jig upon the plank to the accompaniment of a popular hackneyed air. But above the girl's heartless song there rose

The Mother's Shriek

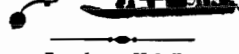
—a shriek the terrible agony of which blanched the cheek of those who heard it, and scared even the birds which flew about the rigging of the convict ship. It resembled the fierce cry of a wounded animal ruthlessly robbed of her young. With that heart-broken cry a pair of arms were stretched out with all a mother's yearning to clasp and shelter her child.

A beam of the afternoon sun glanced from the white face in the crowd to the rounded cheek and girlish features of the young convict, who danced, as it were, a dance of death. The expression in the eyes of the mother was appalling in its agony or grief.

With arms stretched towards the vessel she rushed forward uncoding, and flung herself into the water which separated her from the child she loved.

The girl heard the splash and the agonizing shriek, but scarcely changed her defiant demeanor. Ere she was marched below decks she saw friendly arms dragging the unconscious, half-drowned figure of her mother to the shore, that mother whom she was never to see again.

Continued.



Experience Melodies.

Tunes—"Stand up for Jesus," B. J. 23; "Marching on to war," B.B. 54, or "Starry night for a ramble."

We're soldiers in the Army,
For God we'll dare to die;
We'll beat our drums for Jesus,
Our Army flag we'll fly;
We care not what the folks may say
About our blood and fire;
But still we'll march for Jesus,
Of it we'll never tire.

Chorus—Repeat last four lines of each verse.

We'll march the streets for Jesus,
And ransack all the town,
And tell to all the folks we meet
That pleasure we have found;
Though many scorn us on the march,
With a flag marked "blood and fire";
But o'er my grave this flag shall wave,
If God my soul require.

Then fight on, Army soldiers,
And happy music make,
Though by the world we're counted
As fools.
'Tis all for Jesus' sake;
Then when the battle's over,
And victory we've won,
We'll go to dwell with Jesus,
To wear a starry crown.

SERGEANT-MAJOR HOBBS, Bird Island Cove, Newfoundland.

Tunes—"Let your lowly lights be burning," or "Always cheerful," B. J. 43, or "Room for Jesus," B.J. 16.

Have you heard the voice of weeping?
Have you heard the wail of woe?
Have you seen the crowd that's thronging
Down to hell and endless woe?

Chorus.

Are your hearts now yearning, comrades,
For the dying masses round?
They the Saviour's love are spurning,
Let them hear that grace abounds.

Look at yonder little children,
Without home or mother dear;
Or a Saviour's love they know not,
Nor His voice to bless and cheer.

Look at yonder staggering drunkard
Wandering on sin's stormy way!
Precious soul, he can be rescued,
Saved and happy night and day.

There's a girl, once pure and spotless,
Sheltered by a mother's care;
Out upon sin's way she wanders,
Who will rescue, who will dare?

Shall we try and save them, comrades?
Save from sin and endless woe;
Bring them to the blood of Jesus,
Who will wash them white as snow.

Second chorus.

Yes we will, by God's great mercy,
Bring them to the Saviour's care,
Clothe them with God's full alacrity,
Bless them with the sanctified.

BRIGADIER SCOTT, St. John, N.B.

Count Anhall, a princely preacher,
Went to say "The world's the world,"
Scriptures were the availing words
Of the child Jesus, He being to be found almost in every page, in every verse, in every line."

By shaking the magnetic needle you may move it from its place; but it returns to it the moment it is left to itself. In like manner, sinners may fall into sin; but no sooner do they wake to reflection than they repent, and endeavor to amend their ways, and resume a life of godliness.—Gott-hold.

HOLINESS.

BY WALTER SCOTT, GUELPH.

A VAST MULTITUDE of professing Christians of every sect, creed, and color have an intellectual and theological knowledge of entire sanctification (and some can expound the doctrine very explicitly, too), but experimentally they are as ignorant of this Divine blessing as Nicodemus was of the second birth. However, experience teaches that spiritual ignorance of this priceless blessing not only impedes the soul's advancement in the Divine life, but renders it a philosophical impossibility to fulfill the royal law of love to God and man.

NOW, I have no merely theoretical or theological understanding of the doctrine to advance or expound, for the blessed Lord has given me

An Experimental Knowledge

of this Divine blessing, and I feel constrained by the love of Christ to that Gospel light and heart knowledge to other believers whenever and wherever an opportunity presents itself; for in the whole range of sacred things in the Bible there is no doctrine more fully expressed or emphatically commanded than holiness of heart and life. "Without which no man can see the Lord."

IF IT WERE not for the sanctifying grace of God to my soul, I am confident that I would not be the way of righteousness to-day, for the carnal mind (which is enmity against God) and the thralldom of inbred sin would have side-tracked me long ago and left me to grope my way through this world in spiritual darkness as a still-born ghost of a senseless sentimentalism, but by submitting myself to the good government of Jesus Christ, and complying with

The Conditions which Govern

the kingdom, the blessed Lord emancipated me from the depraving influence of an unsanctified soul, so that I could love Him with an undivided heart, and serve Him without fear (of anything that walks) in holiness and righteousness every day of my life, and glory to His name.

BUT, unfortunately, there are a great many Christians of the present day who will frankly acknowledge that they are not in possession of this priceless blessing. They look at those who make a profession of sanctification for an example of Christian perfection, instead of looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith, and if they fail to come up to their ideal or standard of perfection in all the marks of a whole character, holiness they denounce the doctrine as its attainment in this life.

Now, let it be intelligently understood that sanctification does not mean a trial difficulty in this life, nor exempt us from mistakes in judgment or practice (although the sanctified soul is less liable to err than the unsanctified) but sanctification

Destroys the Works of the Devil

in the human heart, root and branch, and of sin, fruit and flowers, and restores all our faculties and energies into the mind and will of God, thereby doubly increasing our facilities for advancing in the Divine life. Therefore the unscriptural measurement of a whole character in this life, and denial of the doctrine does not alter the fact that it is glorious, possible for every believer to have an experimental knowledge of the sanctifying grace of Jesus Christ, thus empowering them to overcome the internal batteries of the world, the flesh and the devil, and walk in all the commands and ordinances of the Lord blameless. Hallelujah!

He who neglects to do good will soon fall into evil.

!!!!!!!

"He did evil because he prepared NOT his heart to seek the Lord."

!!!!!!!

So Jonathan became mighty because he prepared his way before the Lord.

